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THE OUTER LIMITS

NO WEAPONS CAN STOP THE GLOB FROM ANOTHER GALAXIE!

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THE OUTER LIMITS

BECAUSE OF THE DIFFICULTY OF VIEWING THE HEAVENS CLEARLY THROUGH OUR DENSE ATMOSPHERE, SCIENTISTS HAVE DESIGNED AN ORBITING OBSERVATORY.

ONCE THE SATELLITE IS IN ORBIT, IT LINES ITSELF UP WITH THE SUN...

IT THEN ROTATES ON ITS AXIS UNTIL...

SPECIAL STAR SENSORS SEARCH OUT AND LOCK ONTO PRE-SELECTED GUIDE STARS.

ONCE THE SATELLITE IS IN PLACE, SCIENTISTS ON EARTH CAN DIRECT IT TO ANY AREA THEY WISH TO STUDY.

THE OUTER LIMITS

THE MESSAGE FROM SPACE

FOR SIXTY-TWO NIGHTS, ARTHUR GODDERD HAS STUBBORNLY CHECKED HIS FANTASTIC FINDINGS AND KEPT THEM SECRET! EACH NIGHT HIS RADIO-TELESCOPE HAS NARROWED ITS FOCUS ON STAR ***102 BETA*** IN A GALAXY MILLIONS OF LIGHT YEARS AWAY! BUT INSTEAD OF THE STATIC OF SPACE OR THE OCCASIONAL BLURRING SOUND OF SOME DISTANT STELLAR EXPLOSION, GODDERD HAS NIGHTLY RECEIVED THE SAME STARTLING SIGNAL OVER AND OVER AGAIN! TWO MONTHS IS BEYOND THE REALM OF CHANCE! THIS NIGHT HE MUST MAKE HIS ANNOUNCEMENT...

HERE IT IS AGAIN! A *MESSAGE* FROM DEEP SPACE! I'VE RECORDED IT FOR TWO MONTHS--ALWAYS THE *SAME!* DO YOU REALIZE WHAT THAT MEANS? SOME INTELLIGENCE OUT THERE IS TRYING TO *CONTACT US!*

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EXCITEDLY, ARTHUR GODDERD PLAYS THE SIXTY-TWO TAPES--ALL THE SAME...

BUT THE SIGNALS MAKE *NO* SENSE!

THEY ARE *NOT* ANY MATHEMATICAL FORMULA!

WHO SAYS INTELLIGENCE OUT THERE MUST SEND US A *MATH* FORMULA?

WELL, THAT WOULD BE *ONE* UNIVERSAL CONSTANT! THIS IS GIBBERISH!

WHAT IF IT IS A *CHEMICAL* FORMULA?

RIDICULOUS! ARTHUR, YOU'RE PRESSING TOO HARD! THIS SIGNAL MAY NOT EVEN *EXIST!* FIRST, WE MUST CONFIRM IT!

BUT RATHER THAN WAIT FOR SOME COMMITTEE'S ENDLESS, SKEPTICAL CHECK, THE RADIO-ASTRONOMER FEEDS THE SIGNAL INTO AN ELECTRONIC COMPUTER...

I'M RIGHT! THE CALCULATOR IS REDUCING THE NUMBER SIGNALS TO SYMBOLS--*CHEMICAL SYMBOLS!* NOW TO LEARN *WHAT* THEY MEAN!

HURRIEDLY, ARTHUR GODDERD DRIVES OVER TO THE LABORATORY OF A FRIEND, CHARLES DILLING, AN IMAGINATIVE AND BRILLIANT CHEMIST! BUT AFTER ONE GLANCE AT THE FORMULA...

WITH A CALM SMILE, CHARLES DILLING BEGINS TO WORK! MEASURING, WEIGHING AND REFINING THE MANY VARIED CHEMICALS EXACTLY AS THE CALCULATOR HAS LISTED THEM. THE EXPERIMENT BEGINS...

HALF AN HOUR LATER, AFTER THE MASS COOLS, ARTHUR GODDERD TOUCHES IT...

IT'S HIGHLY WORKABLE-- LIKE SOFT CLAY! YOU CAN PULL, SHAPE AND STRETCH IT!

IT'S MORE LIKE SOMETHING MY KID USED IN KINDERGARTEN-- NUTTY PUTTY!

NO, CHARLES... IT *MUST* MAKE SENSE!

BUT AN HOUR LATER...

THAT'S WHAT THE FORMULA SAID TO MAKE! I CAN'T FIGURE *WHY* ANY INTELLIGENCE WOULD SEND SUCH A *RIDICULOUS* MESSAGE ACROSS SPACE!

I'M *NOT* WRONG! THE MESSAGE WAS THE SAME EACH NIGHT! THIS *IS* THE FORMULA! IT *MUST* HAVE A *PURPOSE!*

NEXT MORNING, AS DAWN BREAKS, THE RISING SUN'S RAYS HIT THE LIMP MASS! THEN, SUDDENLY, THERE IS A MOTION! THE ODD MASS BEGINS TO QUIVER...

AS THE SUN CONTINUES TO WARM THE MATERIAL, IT MOVES FASTER! SOON IT BEGINS TO RISE...

IN MINUTES, THE PULSATING MASS HAS MORE THAN DOUBLED ITS ORIGINAL SIZE! IT CONTINUES TO GROW, SPREADING AND SPILLING OVER...

HALF AN HOUR LATER...

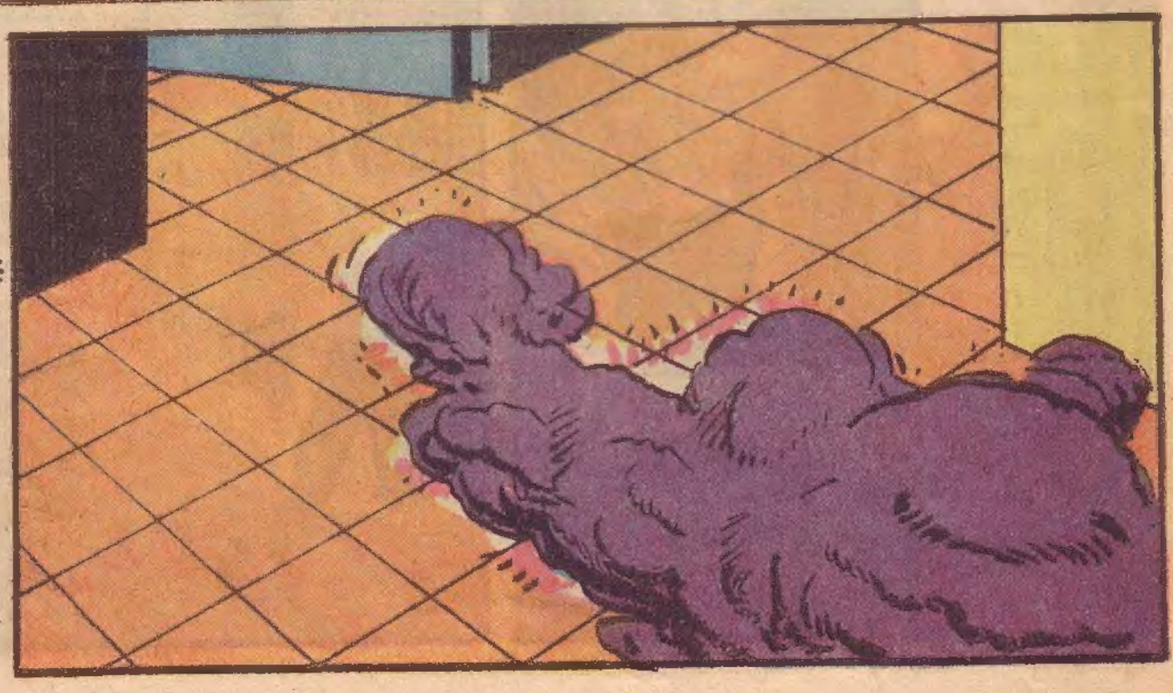
FOR A SECOND, THE JANITOR GAPES AT THE GROWING GLOB THAT NOW HALF-FILLS THE ROOM! THEN, FROM THE MOVING MASS, A STRANGE POWER EMANATES, BOWLING HIM BACK FORCEFULLY...

YUMPIN' YIMMINY!

STUNNED BY HIS FALL, THE JANITOR LIES HELPLESS IN THE HALL AS THE MENACING MASS UNFOLDS AND ROLLS FORWARD...

BEFORE THE ASTOUNDED JANITOR CAN RISE TO FLEE, THE ONROLLING MASS STRIKES! LIKE A SOFT CARPET IT ROLLS OVER HIM, SLOWLY COVERING ITS VICTIM...

AND WHEN IT PASSES, THE AMAZING MASS LEAVES BEHIND NO SIGN OR TRACE OF THE MAN IT ROLLED OVER! THERE IS NO PAUSE! WITH RELENTLESS PURPOSE THE MASS FLOWS AND EXPANDS ON DOWN THE BUILDING...



MINUTES LATER, AS CHARLES DILLING DRIVES THROUGH THE GATE, HIS EYES FOCUS IN DISBELIEF ON THE SMALLER, SEPARATE LAB BUILDING...

I MUST BE IMAGING THINGS! THE BUILDING SEEMS TO BE *BURSTING* AT THE SEAMS!

THEN, AS THE ASTOUNDED CHEMIST NEARS HIS OFFICE, THE WINDOWS BURST OPEN...

VOOM!

AS THE ASTRONOMER ARRIVES, HE, TOO, STARES INCREDULOUSLY AS THE BUILDING IS SPLIT AND SHATTERED BY THE EXPANDING ALIEN MASS...

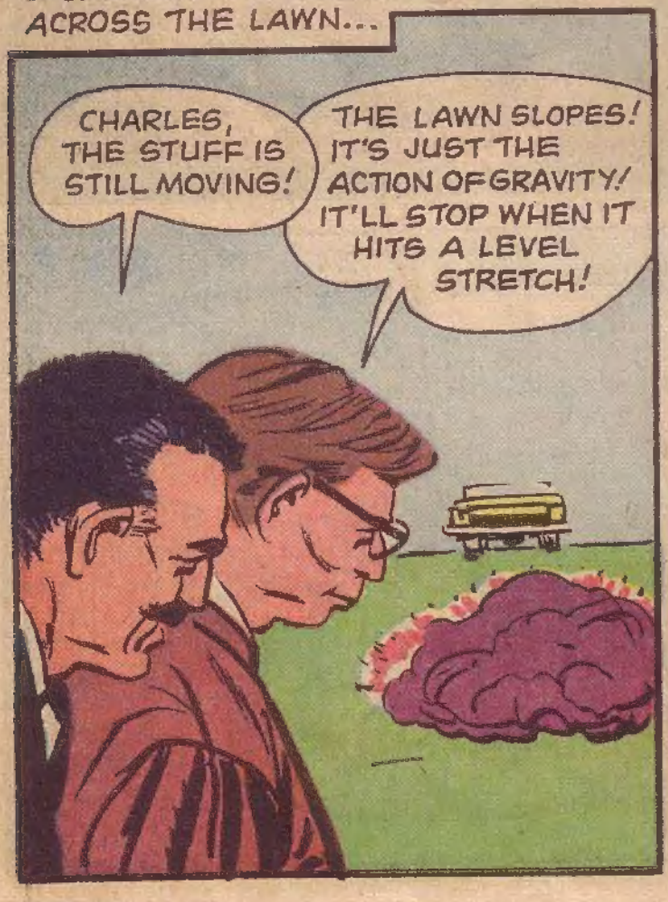
CHARLES... THAT "NUTTY PUTTY" STUFF WE MADE--

I SEE IT! BUT HOW DID ONE LITTLE BOWL OF THE SUBSTANCE EXPAND? AND *HOW MUCH* FURTHER, WILL IT *KEEP* EXPANDING?

CHARLES, ARE YOU CERTAIN IT IS THE SAME MATERIAL WE MADE?
THE COLOR AND FORM SEEM THE SAME! BUT WHATEVER IT IS, SOMETHING MUST HAVE ACTIVATED IT AND MADE IT GROW AT THIS FANTASTIC RATE!

WHAT IS THIS CRAZY STUFF?
KEEP BACK! I DON'T KNOW WHAT IT IS, EVEN IF I DID HELP CREATE IT! AS SOON AS IT STOPS EXPANDING, WE CAN CHECK! I'M SURE ITS GROWTH IS ENDING!

BUT, AS IF TAUNTING THE CHEMIST, THE STRANGE, QUIVERING MASS INCREASES ITS SIZE AND POURS OUT ACROSS THE LAWN...



THEN, BEFORE THEY CAN TRY TO PREVENT IT, THE MASS TURNS UPHILL, ROLLING UP AND OVER GODDERD'S CAR...

AS THE MASS ROLLS OVER THE CAR, A HUGE BLOB OF THE FORMLESS MATTER REMAINS INSIDE, THE REST ROLLING ON...

CHARLES, YOU WERE WRONG! IT'S ROLLING ON--UPHILL!

BUT BEFORE THE CHEMIST CAN ANSWER, THERE IS THE CLICKING SOUND OF THE CAR'S IGNITION BEING THROWN ON! SECONDS LATER, THE MOTOR PURRS...

VROOM!

DID YOU LEAVE THE MOTOR RUNNING?

NO!

THEY RUSH FOR THE CAR, BUT THE ACCELERATOR IS GUNNED AND IT ROARS OFF BEFORE THEY CAN REACH IT...

STOP IT!! IF WE DON'T GET INSIDE AND CUT THE MOTOR, IT'LL CRASH!

BUT INSTEAD OF CRASHING BLINDLY AHEAD, THE CAR SWERVES SUDDENLY AND STEERS THROUGH THE OPEN GATE...

I-IT DOESN'T MAKE SENSE! THE STUFF MIGHT'VE BUMPED THE KEY, TURNING ON THE IGNITION! BUT EVEN MOVING AROUND IN THE CAR--COULD THAT EXPLAIN *HOW* IT SHIFTED GEARS, PRESSED THE GAS PEDDLE--AND TURNED THE WHEELS?

THEN THE ADVANCING FOREIGN MESS ROLLS OVER A SECOND PARKED CAR...

ONCE IT COULD BE AN ACCIDENTAL COINCIDENCE, BUT NOT *TWICE!* IF THAT CAR STARTS TO--

IT *CAN'T!* A BLOB OF MATTER WE COMPOUNDED FROM THE CHEMICAL FORMULA *CAN'T* DRIVE!

AGAIN, THE MYSTERIOUS MASS MOVES ON AND AGAIN SOME OF IT REMAINS BEHIND IN THE CAR...

DID YOU HEAR THAT? IT *IS* STARTING!

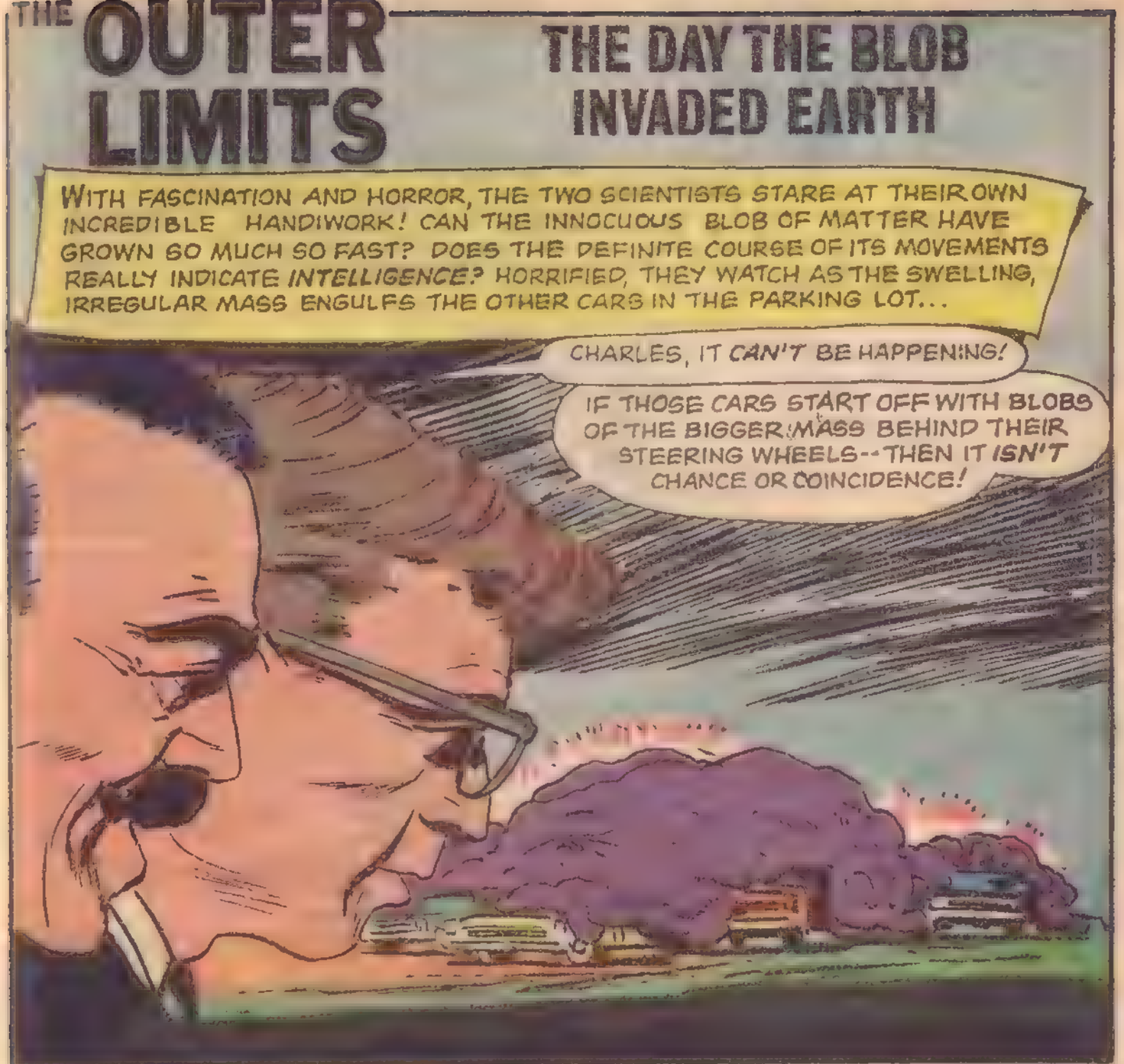
VROOM!

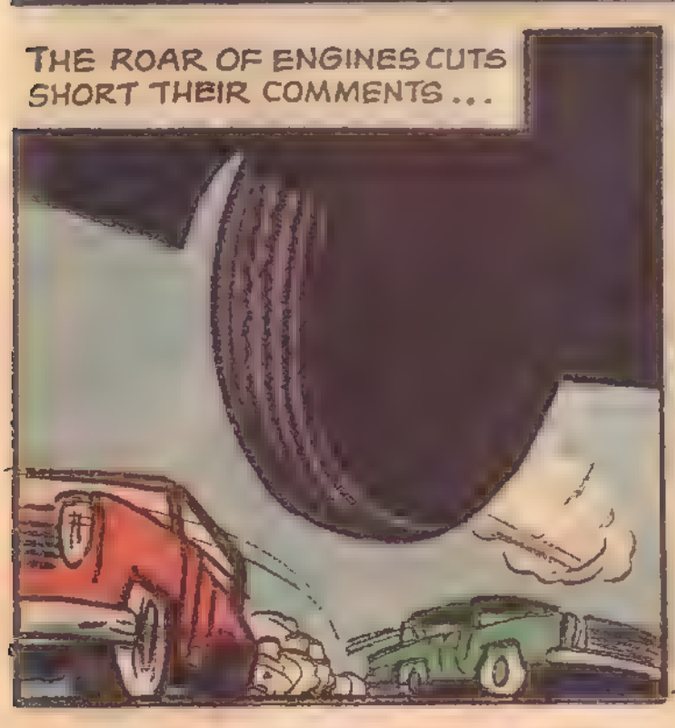
NO... AS TRAINED SCIENTISTS, WE *KNOW* THIS CAN'T BE A SECOND IDENTICAL "ACCIDENT"!

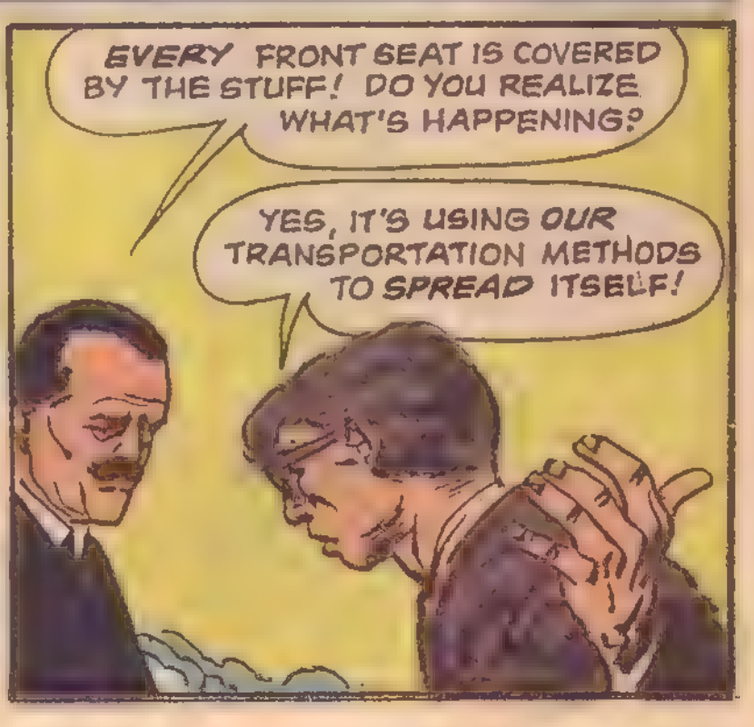
THEN THE MASS WE CREATED HAS *INTELLIGENCE*-- AND PROBABLY A *PURPOSE!*... BUT *WHAT?*

THE OUTER LIMITS

THE DAY THE BLOB INVADED EARTH

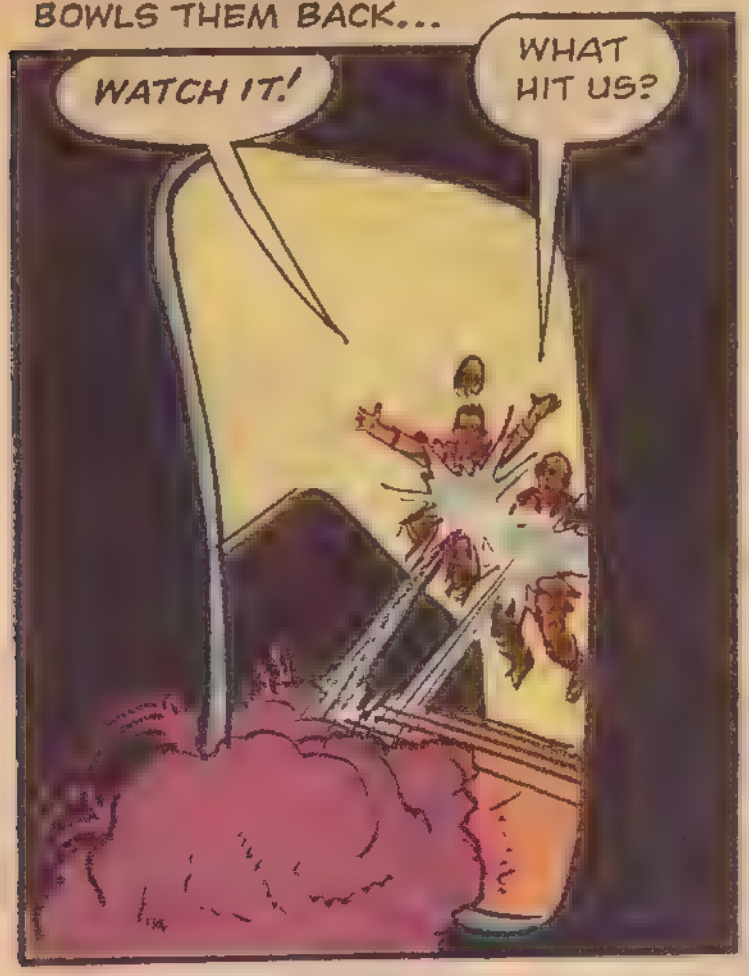

WITH FASCINATION AND HORROR, THE TWO SCIENTISTS STARE AT THEIR OWN INCREDIBLE HANDIWORK! CAN THE INNOCUOUS BLOB OF MATTER HAVE GROWN SO MUCH SO FAST? DOES THE DEFINITE COURSE OF ITS MOVEMENTS REALLY INDICATE *INTELLIGENCE?* HORRIFIED, THEY WATCH AS THE SWELLING, IRREGULAR MASS ENGULFS THE OTHER CARS IN THE PARKING LOT...
CHARLES, IT *CAN'T* BE HAPPENING!
IF THOSE CARS START OFF WITH BLOBS OF THE BIGGER MASS BEHIND THEIR STEERING WHEELS--THEN IT *ISN'T* CHANCE OR COINCIDENCE!




EVERY FRONT SEAT IS COVERED BY THE STUFF! DO YOU REALIZE WHAT'S HAPPENING?
YES, IT'S USING *OUR* TRANSPORTATION METHODS TO *SPREAD* ITSELF!

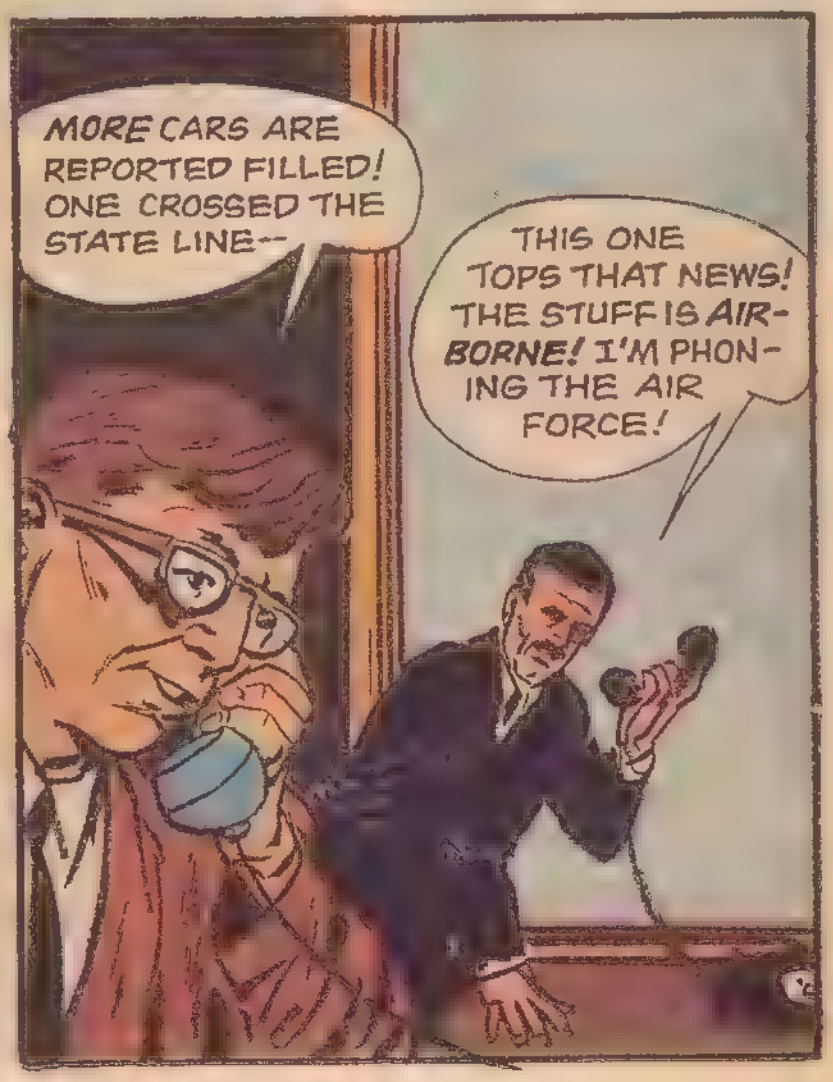
ONCE THEY REACH THE HIGHWAY, THE CARS SCATTER DOWN DIFFERENT ROADS! ONE CUTS DIRECTLY FOR A NEARBY AIRPORT, RACING ONTO THE FIELD...
HEY! YOU CAN'T DRIVE ON THE FIELD!
W-WHO ARE YOU SHOUTING TO? NO ONE IS BEHIND THE WHEEL!
Y-YOU'RE RIGHT! IT'S A RUNAWAY CAR! WATCH OUT!
THEN THE CAR SKIDS TO A HALT BY AN EMPTY TRANSPORT! AS THE ASTONISHED GROUND CREW WATCHES, THE EXPANDING BLOB REACHES OVER THE TOP OF THE CAR, POURING TOWARD THE EMPTY PLANE...
I DON'T KNOW WHAT THE CRAZY STUFF IS, BUT LET'S KEEP IT OUT OF THE PLANE!

BUT AS THE MEN RUSH FOR THE PLANE, A SUDDEN, INVISIBLE FORCE BOWLS THEM BACK...

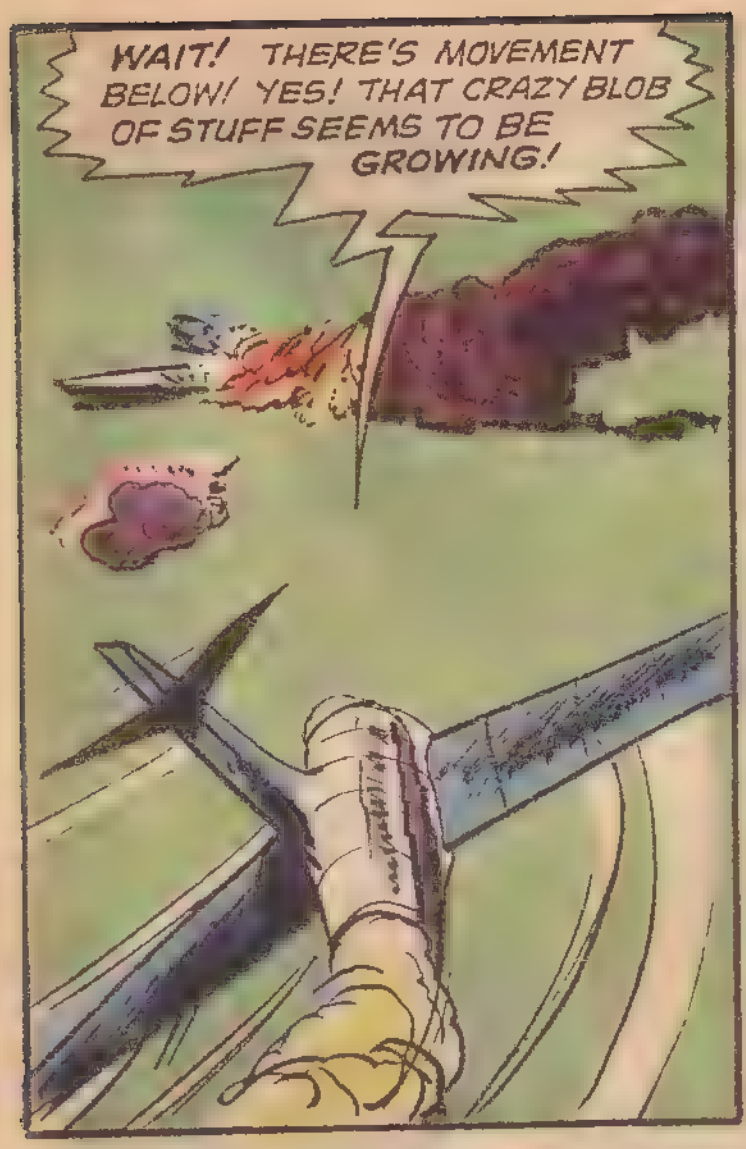


THE PLANE STARTS ROLLING FORWARD! TAXING ONTO A RUNAWAY, THE ENGINES CHANGE THEIR PITCH AND THE PLANE HURTLES DOWN THE FIELD LIFTING INTO THE AIR IN A PERFECT TAKE-OFF...

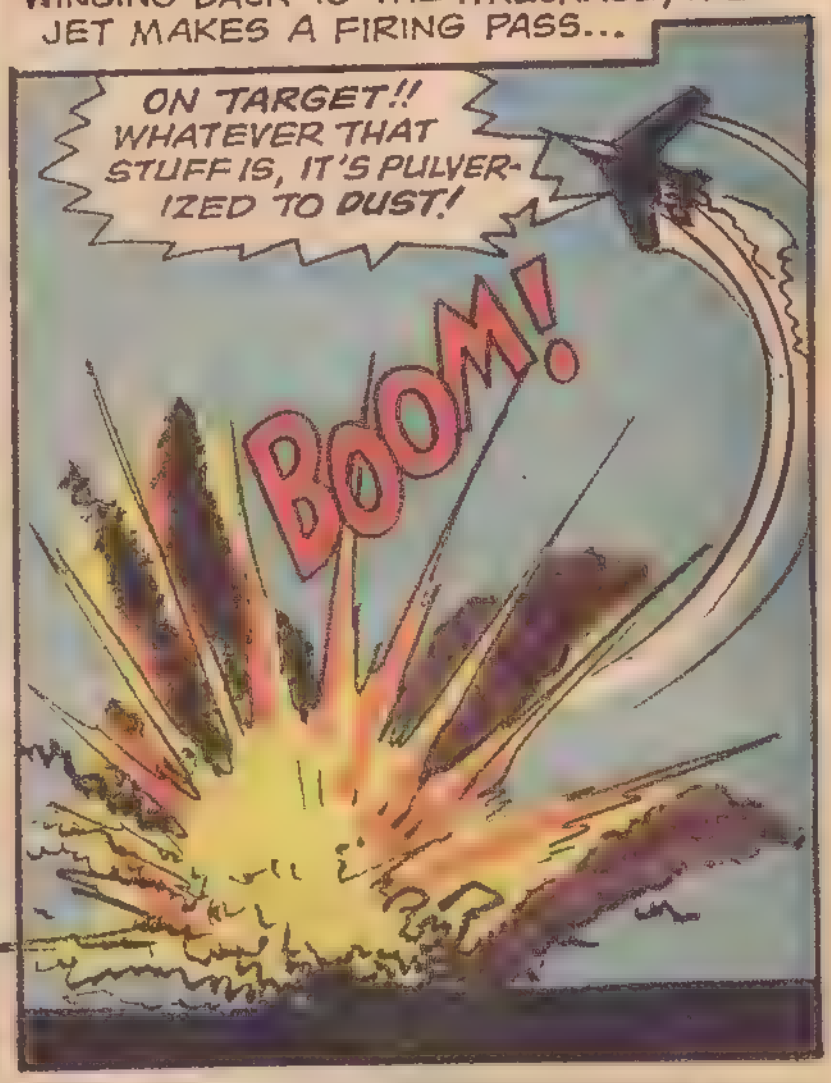
FROM AN UNTOUCHED LAB OFFICE, THE TWO SCIENTISTS BUSILY BEGIN TRACING THE COURSE OF THE STARTLING MASS...


MORE CARS ARE REPORTED FILLED! ONE CROSSED THE STATE LINE--
THIS ONE TOPS THAT NEWS! THE STUFF IS AIR-BORNE! I'M PHONING THE AIR FORCE!

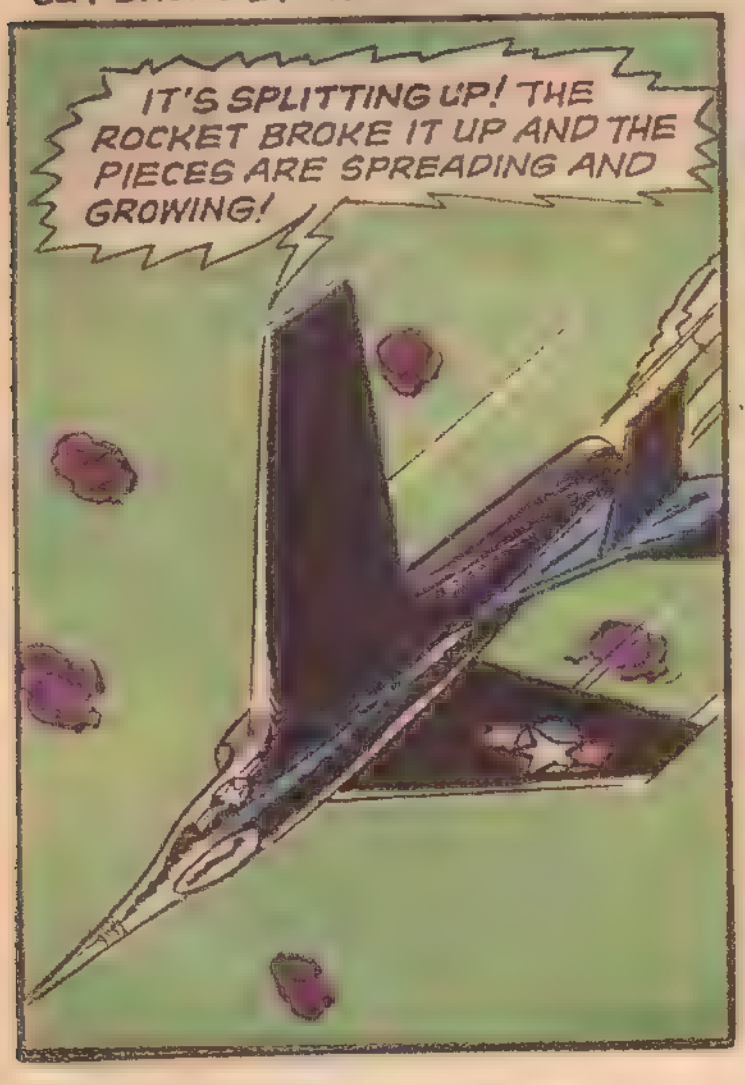
AS THE ASTOUNDING WORD REACHES FIGHTER DEFENSE COMMAND, SWIFT, MISSILE-BEARING JETS ARE SCRAMBLED...
COMMAND TO FIGHTERS! YOUR MISSION IS TO DESTROY THE AIRCRAFT!... REPEAT--DESTROY!
AT 32,000 FEET, THE FIGHTERS EASILY INTERCEPT THE SLOWER PLANE! ONE QUICK PASS AND ROCKETS ROAR OFF WITH DEADLY ACCURACY...
BOOM!
BOOM!
ONE SPIRALING FIGHTER RIDES DOWN ITS KILL...
TRANSPORT TOTALLY DESTROYED! MISSION ACCOMPLISHED! RETURNING TO BASE!
WHOOM!



WINGING BACK TO THE WRECKAGE, THE JET MAKES A FIRING PASS...

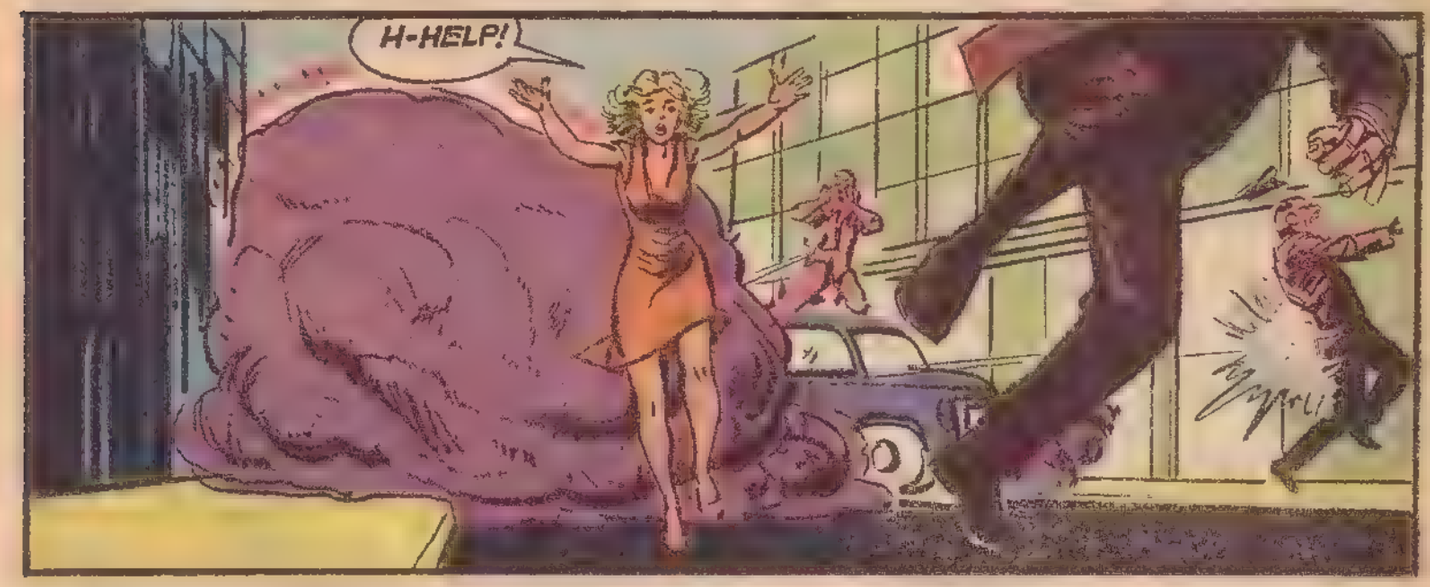


THE CIRCLING PILOT'S TRIUMPH IS CUT SHORT BY THE SIGHT BELOW...

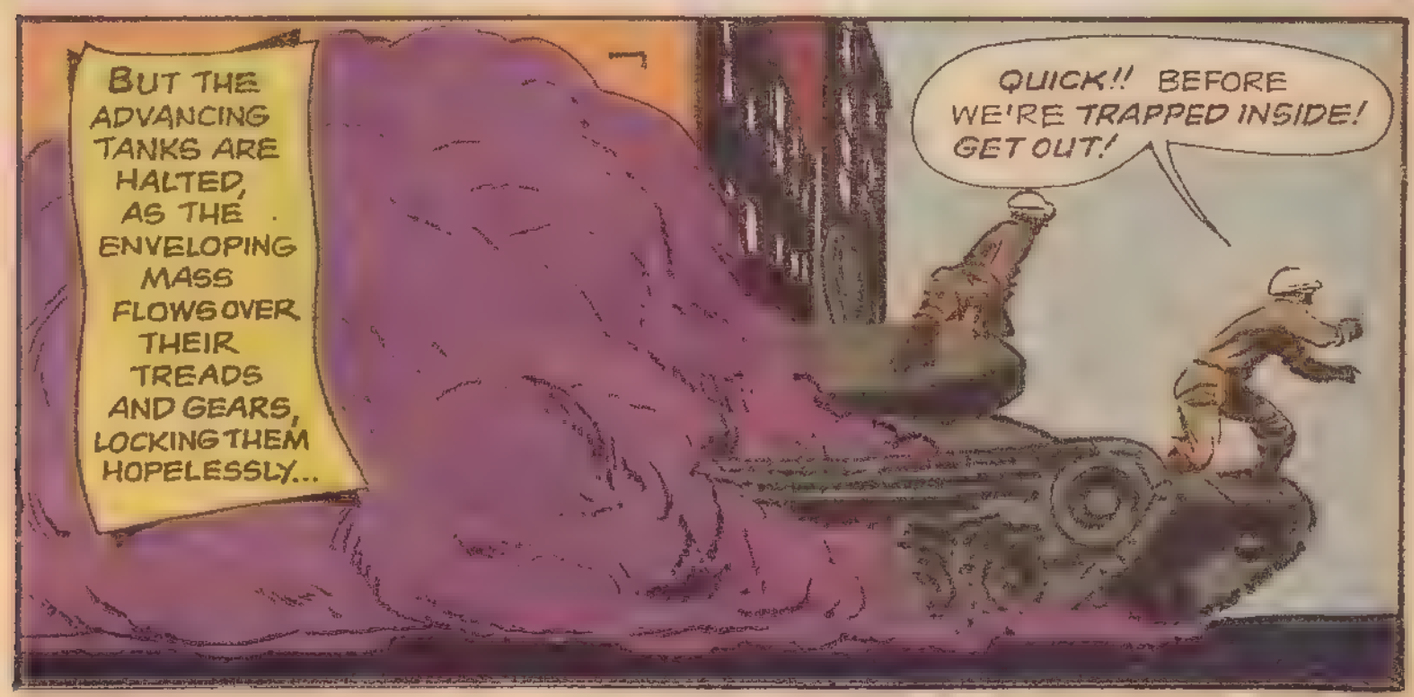


MEANWHILE, NEARBY TOWNS ARE BEING PLAGUED BY THE FRIGHTENING BLOBS...

DOWN PANICKED STREETS THE MASS ROLLS! THOSE WHO DO NOT ESCAPE ARE SUDDENLY STRUCK BY THE UNSEEN FORCE THAT EMANATES FROM THE STRANGE BLOB!



TWO TANKS RUMBLE UP IN CHALLENGE, THEIR HEAVY GUNS FIRING REPEATEDLY...


BUT THE ADVANCING TANKS ARE HALTED, AS THE ENVELOPING MASS FLOWS OVER THEIR TREADS AND GEARS, LOCKING THEM HOPELESSLY...
QUICK!! BEFORE WE'RE TRAPPED INSIDE! GET OUT!

MORE AND MORE THE MATTER SPREADS, SLOWING AND STOPPING LIFE AND MOVEMENT IN ITS CONTINUING COURSE...

AT LEAST IT CAN'T OUTRACE US!

MAYBE! BUT WE'LL SOON BE OUT OF RUNNING ROOM AT THE RATE IT SPREADS!

OUT OF TRANSATLANTIC JETS THE STOWAWAY MATTER SPILLS! THEN, VIA TELESTAR, REPORTS FILTER IN OF THE BLOB'S FAR-FLUNG PATH...

IT IS NOW ROLLING SLOWLY DOWN LONDON BRIDGE TOWARD THE CITY...

DESPERATELY, THE TWO CREATORS OF THE MONSTROUS MATTER TRY TO ANALYZE IT...

YOU'RE THE CHEMIST, CHARLES! DOES IT HAVE *TRUE* INTELLIGENCE? WHAT MAKES IT *GROW?*

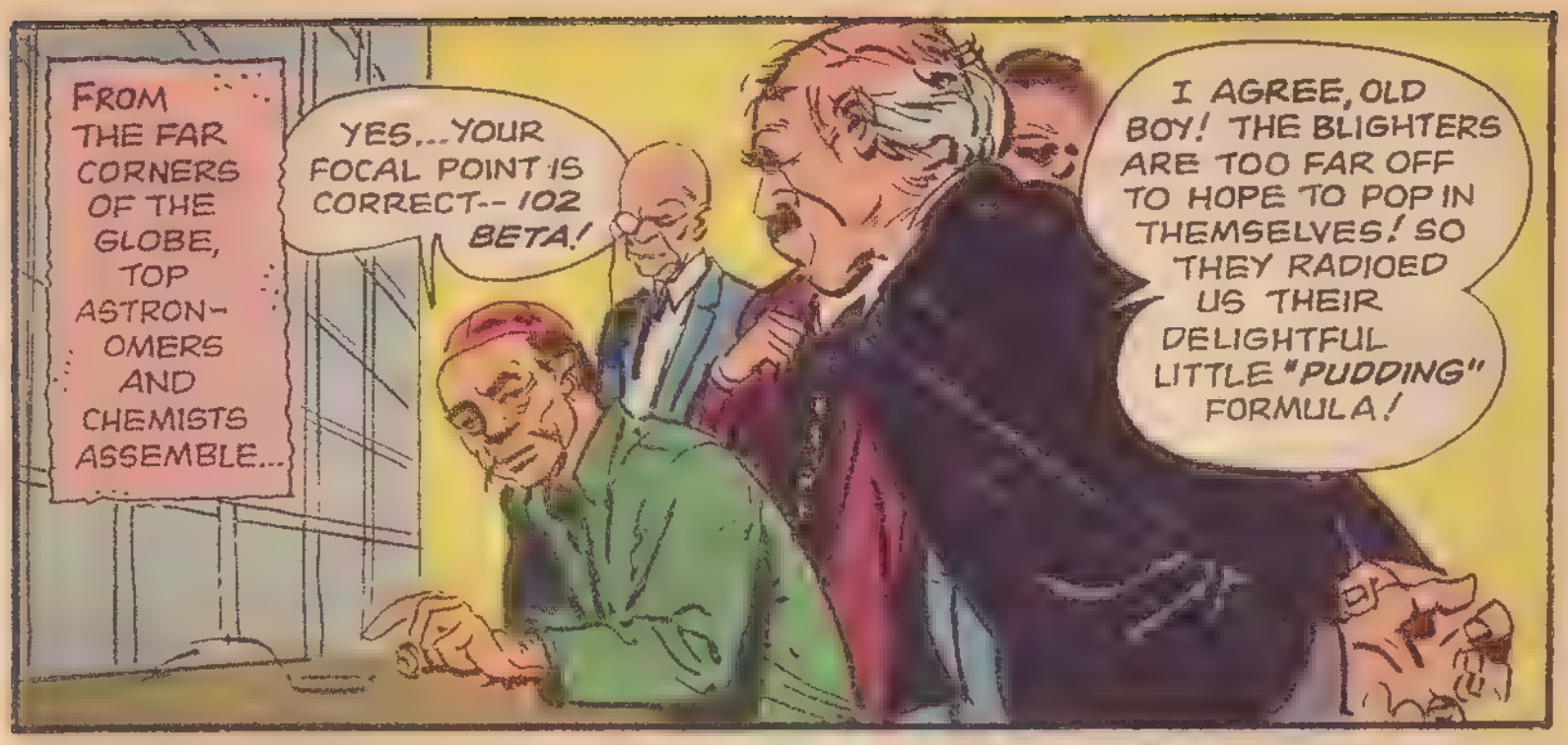
MORE IMPORTANT, WHAT WILL MAKE IT *STOP* GROWING?

SPECTRAL-ANALYSIS PROVES FUTILE...

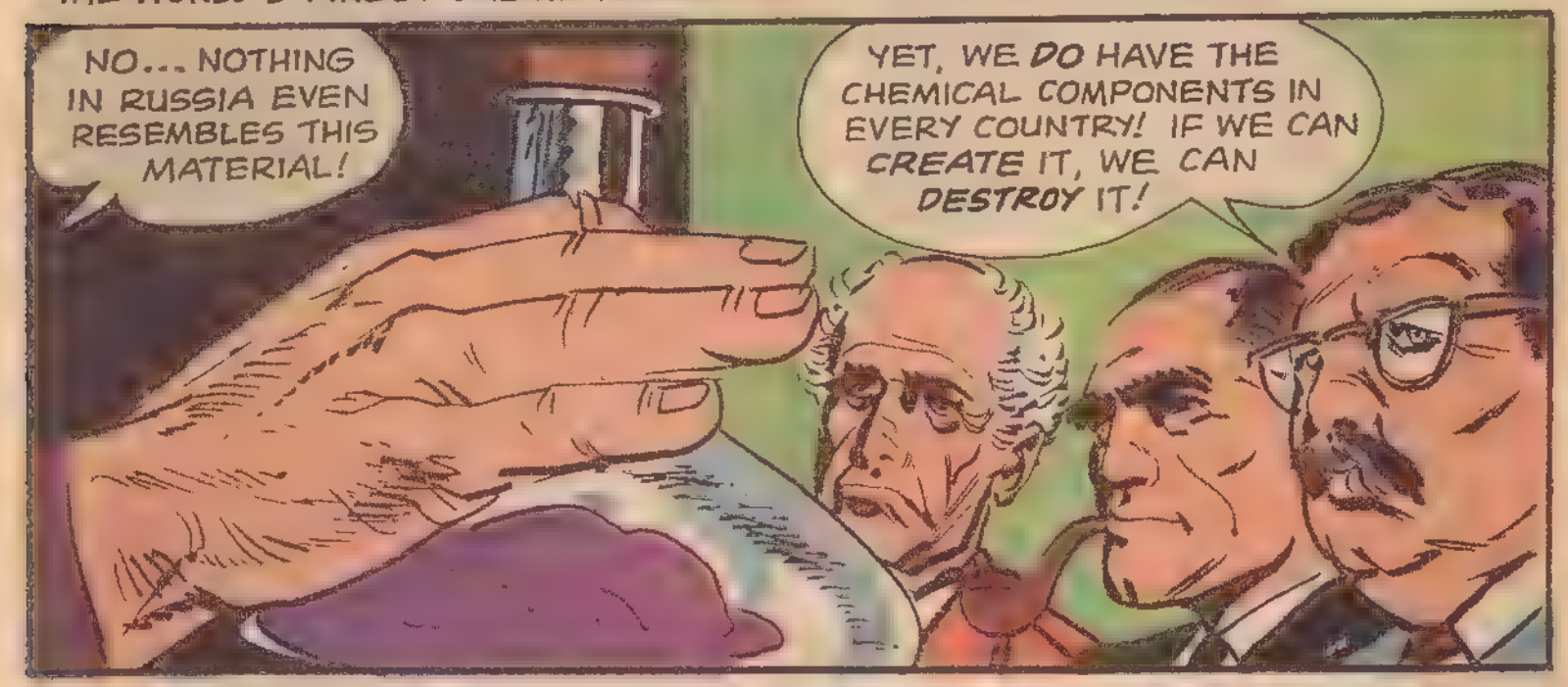
SURE, I CAN READ THE WAVE LENGTH. BUT I *KNOW* WHAT MAKES UP THE MATTER-- DIDN'T I PUT IT TOGETHER? BUT I HAVEN'T EVEN A CLUE TO ITS INNER FORCE OR NATURE! HMM...

TRYING THE STRONGEST FORCE HE KNOWS, CHARLES FOCUSES A LASER BEAM ON A SMALL BLOB...
IT'S CUTTING IT, BUT DOES IT KILL IT?
WITH FASCINATION, THE TWO MEN WATCH AS EACH OF THE SEVERED PARTS BEGINS TO EXPAND UNTIL THEY ARE BIGGER THAN THE ORIGINAL SOURCE. THEN...
IT'S NO USE! IT KEEPS GROWING WHEN IT'S CUT! IT REGENERATES AND NEVER STOPS EXPANDING!
THEN, AN INVINCIBLE FORCE BARRIER BOLTS FORWARD, JARRING THE SCIENTISTS...
THE NEXT BOUNCE MAY NOT BE SUCH A FRIENDLY NUDGE. LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!

SOON, THEY REACH ONE TERRIFYING CONCLUSION...
THE SIGNAL I GOT FROM FROM 102 BETA WAS THE WORK OF INTELLIGENCE--THE INTELLIGENCE THAT TRICKED US INTO CREATING THE MATTER! THEIR INTENT IS OBVIOUS! WE MUST WASTE NO TIME--IT'S IMPERATIVE WE SEE THE PRESIDENT!
THE URGENCY OF THEIR MISSION GAINS THEM IMMEDIATE ENTRY TO THE WHITE HOUSE...
THE MATTER WE CREATED UNDER GALACTIC INSTRUCTIONS, MR. PRESIDENT, WAS THEIR MEANS OF PREPARING OUR PLANET FOR AN INVASION BY THEIR TRUE LIFE FORMS. OR, POSSIBLY, A WAY OF DESTROYING LIFE HERE WITHOUT THEIR HAVING TO CROSS THE SPACE VOID!
THEN, YOU DO NOT BELIEVE THE MATTER ITSELF IS THE ALIEN LIFE FORM?
NO, SIR--DESPITE ITS ABILITY TO MOVE WITH SEEMING INTELLIGENCE! WE BELIEVE IT IS DIRECTED! BUT WE NEED THE HELP OF ALL SCIENTISTS TO FIND A WAY TO STOP IT BEFORE EARTH IS DESTROYED!
QUICKLY, THE PRESIDENT ACTS! AT THE UNITED NATIONS, THE AMERICAN DELEGATE MAKES A MOTION...
...THAT LEADING INTERNATIONAL CHEMISTS AND ASTRONOMERS MEET AT ONCE TO FIND A WAY TO FIGHT THIS PERIL!


FROM THE FAR CORNERS OF THE GLOBE, TOP ASTRON-OMERS AND CHEMISTS ASSEMBLE...
YES...YOUR FOCAL POINT IS CORRECT-- 102 BETA!
I AGREE, OLD BOY! THE BLIGHTERS ARE TOO FAR OFF TO HOPE TO POP IN THEMSELVES! SO THEY RADIOED US THEIR DELIGHTFUL LITTLE "PUDDING" FORMULA!

THE WORLD'S FINEST CHEMISTS WORK WITH FEVERISH CONCERN...

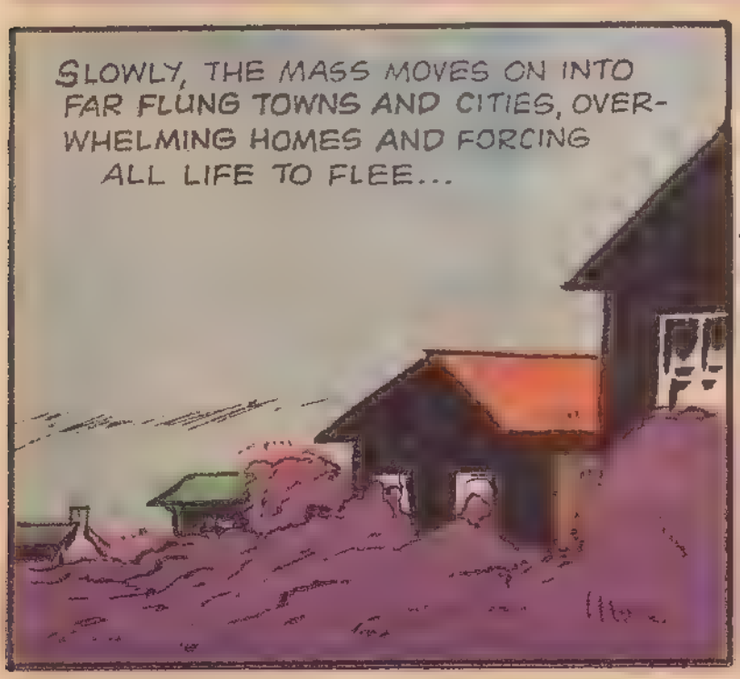

NO... NOTHING IN RUSSIA EVEN RESEMBLES THIS MATERIAL!
YET, WE DO HAVE THE CHEMICAL COMPONENTS IN EVERY COUNTRY! IF WE CAN CREATE IT, WE CAN DESTROY IT!

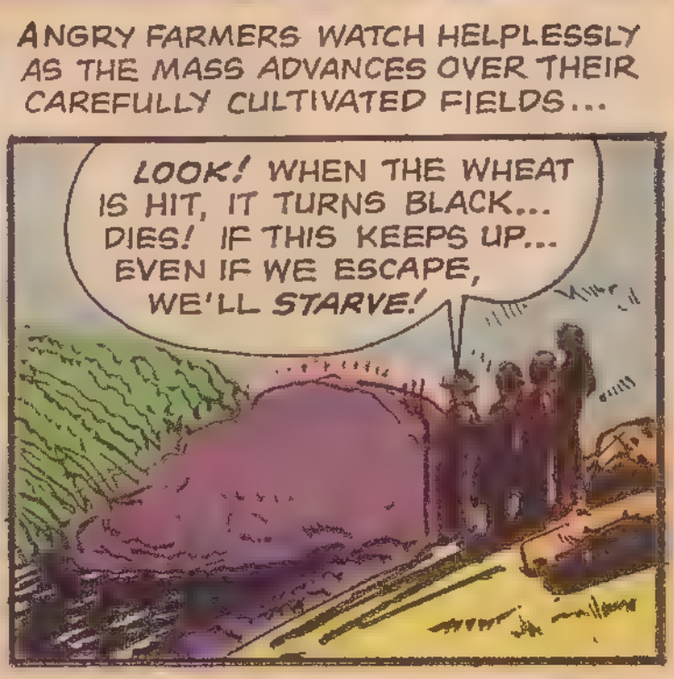
THE DATA IS FED INTO THE MOST ADVANCED ELECTRONIC COMPUTERS AS THE EXPERTS SEEK A HOPEFUL HINT OF WHERE TO LOOK FOR A WAY TO DESTROY THE GRIM MASS...

THE OUTER LIMITS

THE THREAT IS ENDED

WHILE THE SCIENTISTS MEET AND PUZZLE ABOUT THE STARTLING MATTER CREATED BY SOME ALIEN FORMULA, THE RELENTLESS, SEPARATE BLOBS OF THE SHAPELESS MATERIAL CONTINUE TO SPREAD! AND IN THEIR PATH, PANIC AND DOOM FOLLOW...
ROUTE 19 IS CUT AND BLOCKED BY THE STUFF! THE EXPRESS CAN'T GET THROUGH! ITS WHEELS ARE BOGGED DOWN IN THE GLOP! AND IT LOOKS LIKE A LOT OF FINE DAIRY HERDS ARE GOING TO BE KILLED OFF--AND OUR MILK SUPPLY WITH THEM!




ANGRY FARMERS WATCH HELPLESSLY AS THE MASS ADVANCES OVER THEIR CAREFULLY CULTIVATED FIELDS...
LOOK! WHEN THE WHEAT IS HIT, IT TURNS BLACK... DIES! IF THIS KEEPS UP... EVEN IF WE ESCAPE, WE'LL STARVE!

IN DESPERATION, CROP DUSTER PLANES TAKE TO THE AIR, DOUBLING THEIR LETHAL INSECTICIDE DOSES...
MAYBE--JUST MAYBE-- THE EGGHEADS OVERLOOKED THE OBVIOUS...
...AND THIS WILL WORK!
BUT WHEN THE HOPEFUL PILOT BANKS AND CHECKS...
NO DICE! THAT CORNFIELD IS AS GOOD AS GONE! IT'S ALL UP TO THE SCIENCE-BOYS!
BUT THE FINEST MINDS FROM ALL THE DIFFERENT NATIONS, NOW UNITED AGAINST A COMMON FOE, CAN FIND NO SOLUTION...
GENTLEMEN, YOUR REPORTS ARE ALL THE SAME... WE KNOW WHAT MAKES UP THE MATTER, BUT NOT HOW TO DESTROY OR CONTAIN ITS GROWTH!

LATER THAT DAY, AS THE TWO MEN CHECK THE BLOB-BURSTED LAB BUILDING, THEY MAKE AN UNEXPECTED DISCOVERY...
LOOK!... THERE'S A PIECE OF THE ORIGINAL GLOB ...AND IT HASN'T EXPANDED!
FUNNY... I DON'T FEEL ANY FORCE RADIATING FROM IT, EITHER!
HERE'S WHERE WE LEFT THE ORIGINAL BATCH THAT STARTED EVERYTHING! LET'S SEE WHAT HAPPENS TO THIS BLOB!
IT COULDN'T MAKE THINGS ANY WORSE, CHARLES!
FOUR HOURS PASS, THERE IS NO MOVEMENT, NO SIGNS OF GROWTH...
NOTHING HAPPENED! NOW IT MAKES SENSE! YOU KNOW WHAT ACTIVATES AND ENERGIZES THIS STUFF?... SOLAR LIGHT!
EVEN IF YOU ARE RIGHT, HOW CAN THAT HELP US?
THIS BLOB IS INERT-- DEAD-- BECAUSE IT WAS IN THE BASEMENT OUT OF THE SUN FOR AT LEAST TWENTY-FOUR HOURS! NOW DO YOU SEE HOW WE CAN DESTROY IT?
NO... BECAUSE YOU DON'T EVEN HAVE TO BE AN ASTRONOMER TO KNOW THAT NO PART OF THE EARTH IS WITHOUT SUNLIGHT FOR TWENTY-FOUR HOURS -- EXCEPT THE POLES, OF COURSE!

TRUE! I'LL GRANT YOU THAT THE SUN SHINES ON VIRTUALLY EVERY PART OF THE EARTH WITHIN THE COURSE OF TWENTY-FOUR HOURS! BUT... WHAT IF WE COULD CREATE AN ARTIFICIAL CLOUD OVER THE GLOBE?
BEFORE A HURRIEDLY ASSEMBLED MEETING OF THE INTERNATIONAL SCIENTISTS, THE DISCOVERY IS EXPLAINED...
THE PROBLEM IS SIMPLE-- THE SOLUTION MAY BE COMPLEX! HOW DO WE SCREEN EARTH FROM THE SUN FOR TWENTY-FOUR HOURS?
OBVIOUSLY WE NEED A CLOUD--A DARK CLOUD! MAY I SUGGEST SILVER HALIDE PARTICLES AS PART OF THE BASIS OF THIS ARTIFICIAL CLOUD...
PERFECT! SUNLIGHT WILL TURN THEM BLACK!

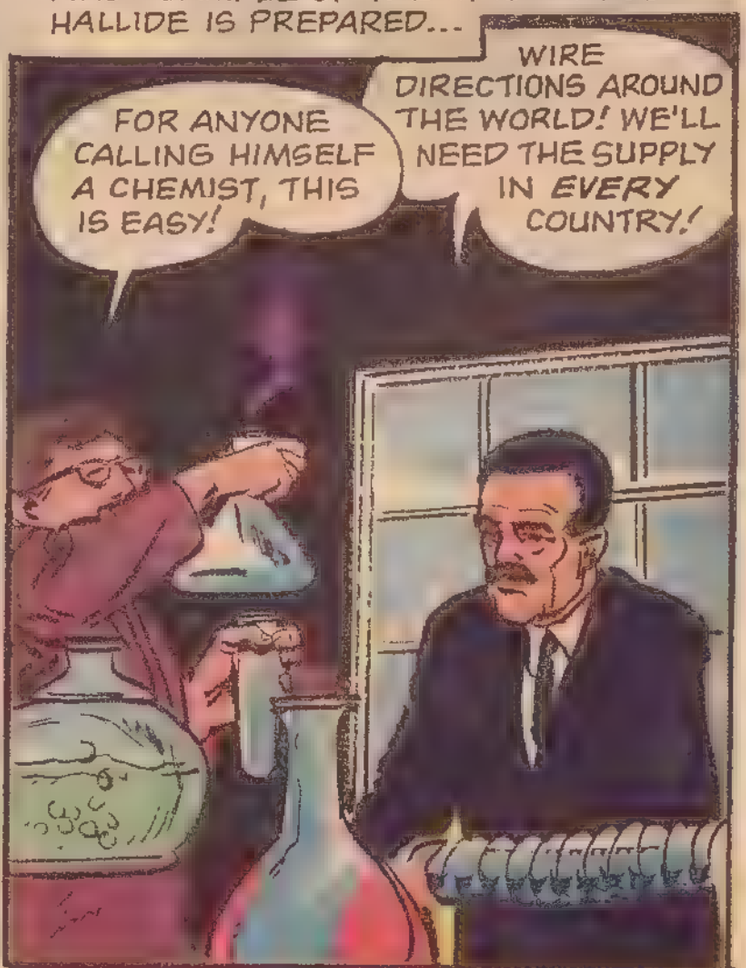
SPLENDID, BUT HOW DO WE SPREAD THESE PARTICLES TO CREATE THIS CHEMICAL CLOUD?
WE IONIZE THEM AND SEND THEM INTO THE EARTH'S MAGNETIC FIELD BY EXPLODING CONTAINERS OF THE CHEMICAL CARRIED THERE IN ROCKETS!

TOP ROCKET AND MISSILE MEN ARE CONSULTED...

YES, WE CAN INSERT THE SILVER HALIDE IN THE NOSE CONE AND SET AN ALTITUDE FUSE THAT WILL OPEN AND SCATTER IT INTO THE MAGNETIC FIELD! BUT TO COVER EARTH THIS WAY WILL TAKE A LOT OF ROCKETS!

AT THE SECURITY COUNCIL'S EMERGENCY SESSION, A RESOLUTION IS UNANIMOUSLY PASSED...

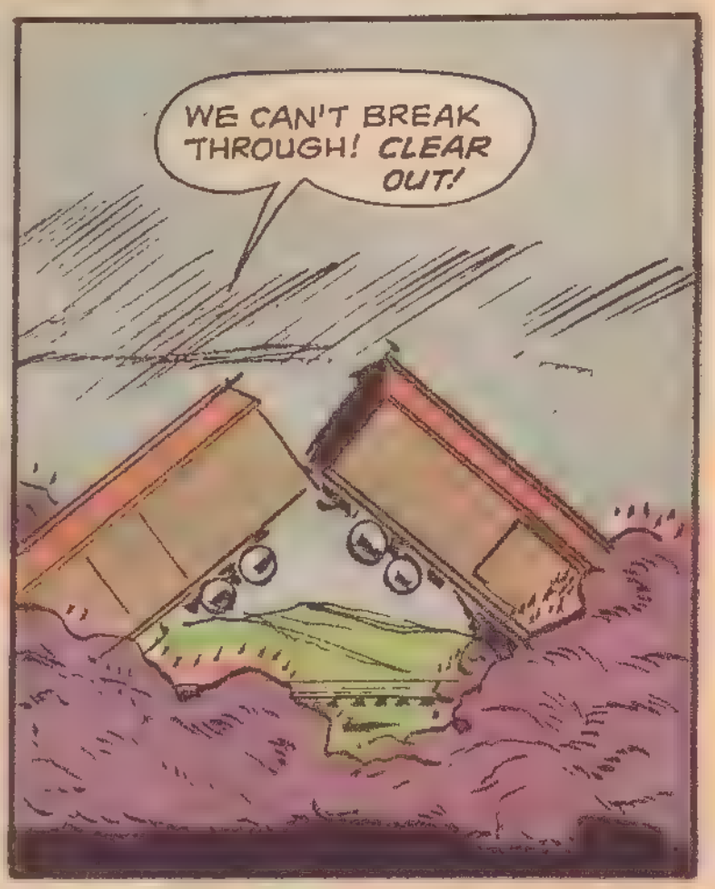
UNDER THE CHEMIST'S GUIDANCE, THE FIRST SAMPLE OF THE MAGNETIZED HALLIDE IS PREPARED...


FOR ANYONE CALLING HIMSELF A CHEMIST, THIS IS EASY!
WIRE DIRECTIONS AROUND THE WORLD! WE'LL NEED THE SUPPLY IN EVERY COUNTRY!

ACROSS THE UNITED STATES, MISSILES NOSE UP FROM THEIR PROTECTIVE SILOS...
AS SOON AS THE MISSILES ARE IN POSITION-- REMOVE ALL EXPLOSIVE CHARGES FROM THE NOSE CONES!
USA
ACROSS THE GLOBE, RUSSIAN MISSILES ARE DISARMED...
USSR
IN EVERY COUNTRY IN THE WORLD WITH A MISSILE CAPACITY, EVERY LAST MILITARY WEAPON IS DISARMED AND PREPARED...
BRING IN THE CHEMICALS! WE ARE READY!
WE'LL HAVE TO WORK FAST! THE GLOB IS ROLLING THIS WAY AND IS JUST FIVE MILES FROM HERE!

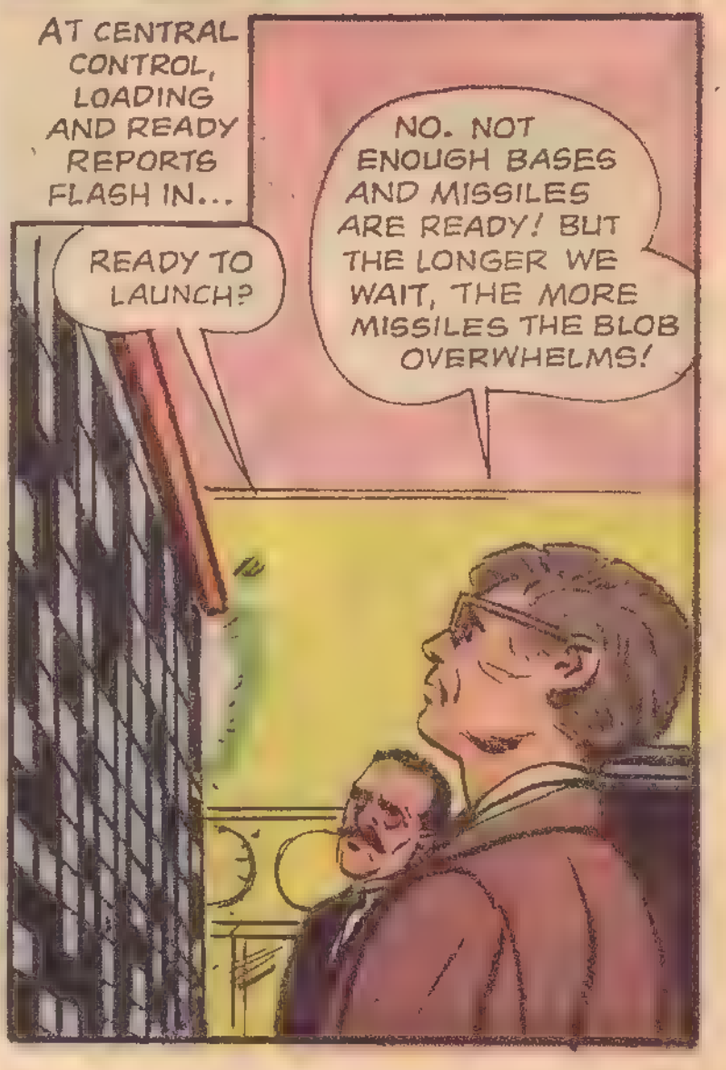
AT SOME BASES, THE ONCOMING BLOB ENVELOPES THE SITES BEFORE THE MISSILES CAN BE READIED FOR LAUNCH...

SPECIAL TRAINS CARRYING CHEMICALS TO THE ROCKET SITES ARE SUDDENLY HALTED BY THE CREEPING MASS...

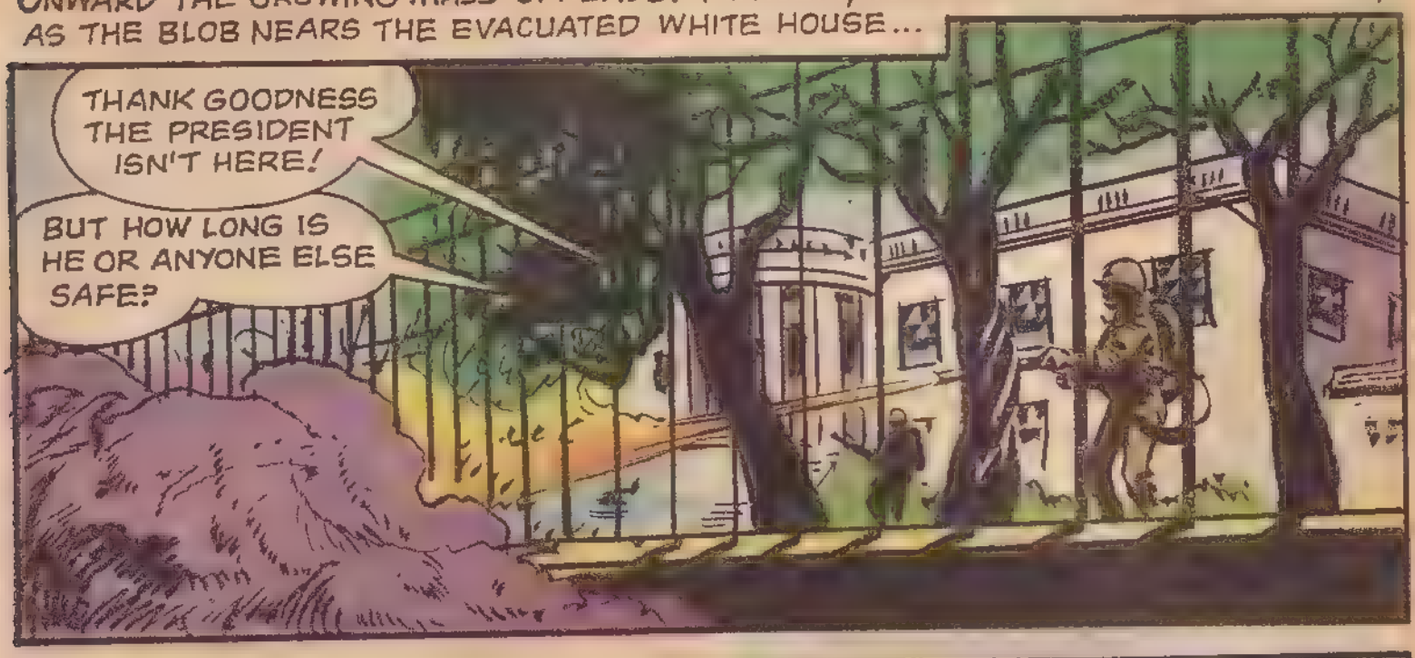


YET, AROUND THE WORLD, THE WORK CONTINUES AT A FEVERISH PACE AT COUNTLESS BASES...

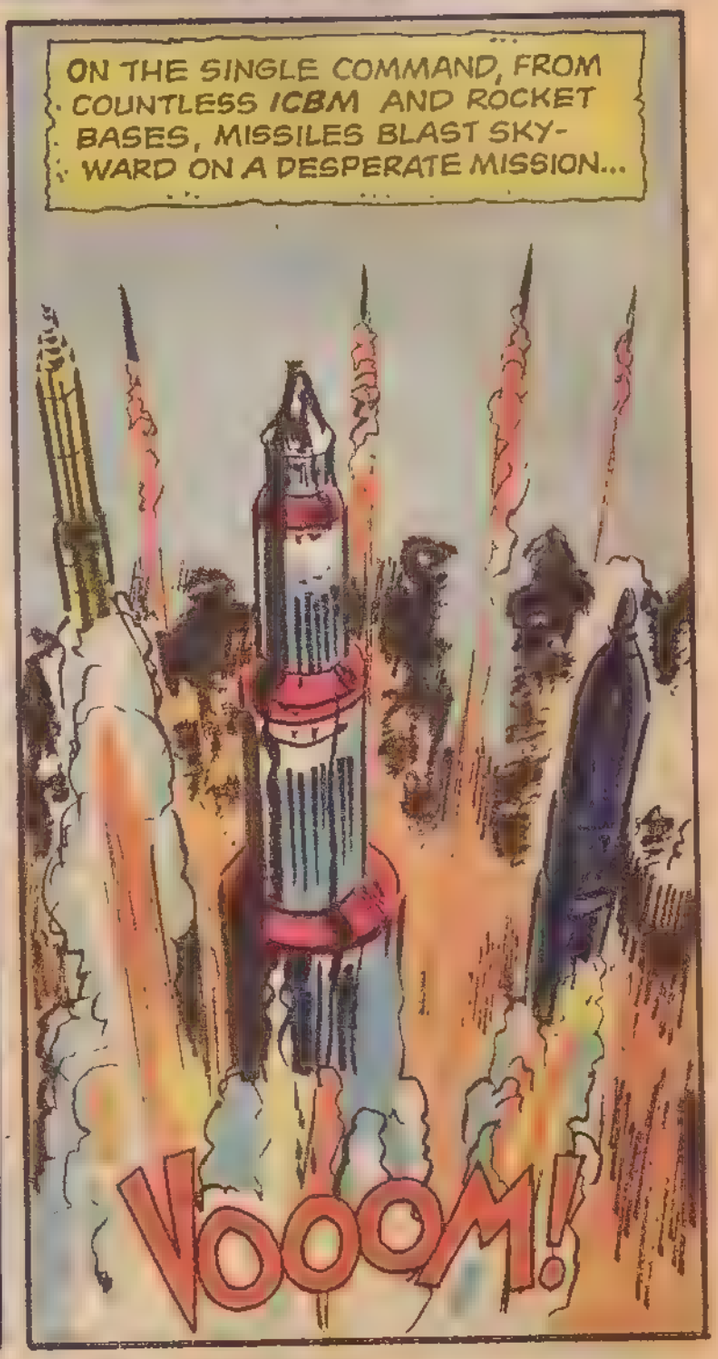
AT CENTRAL CONTROL, LOADING AND READY REPORTS FLASH IN...

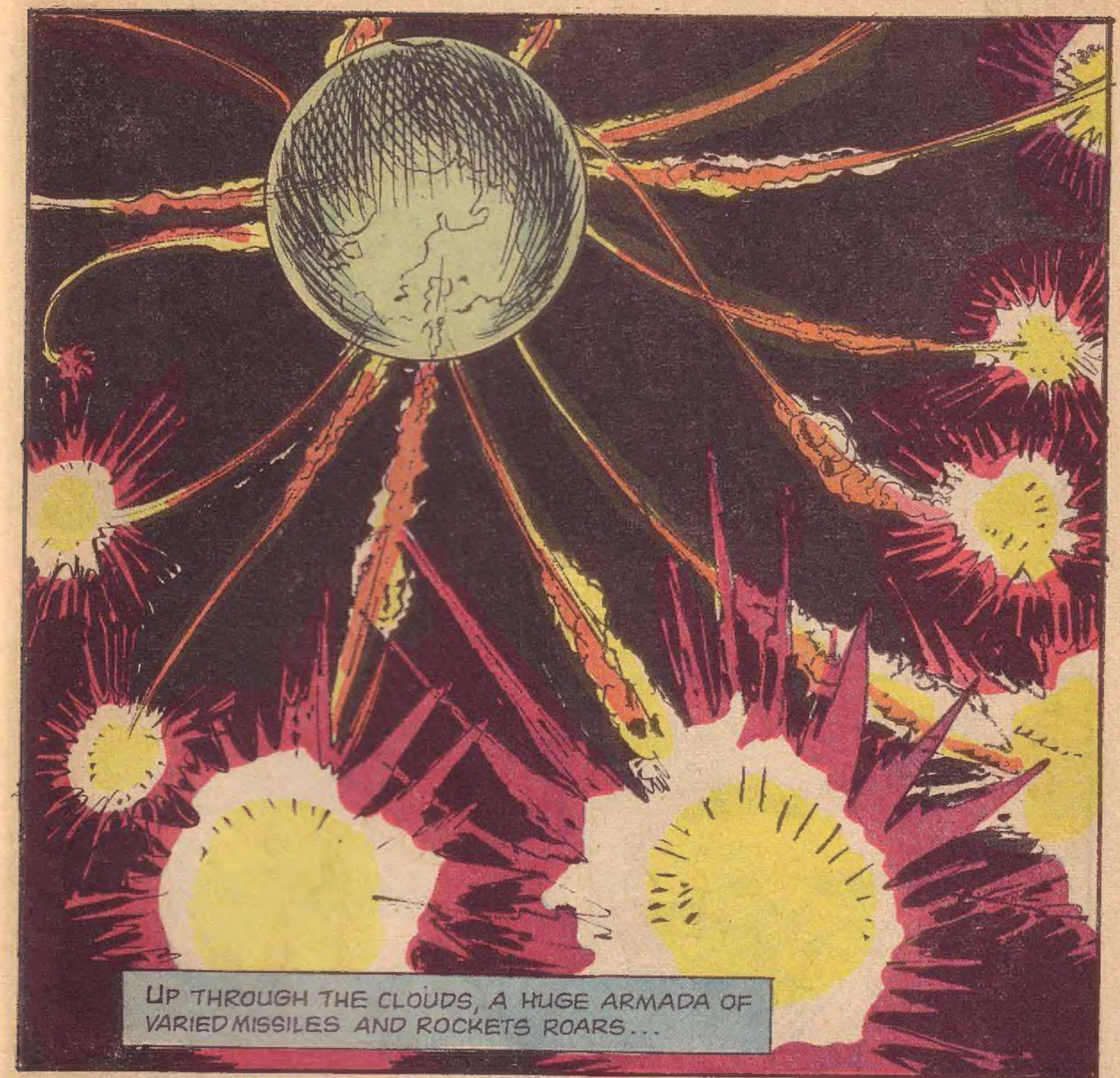


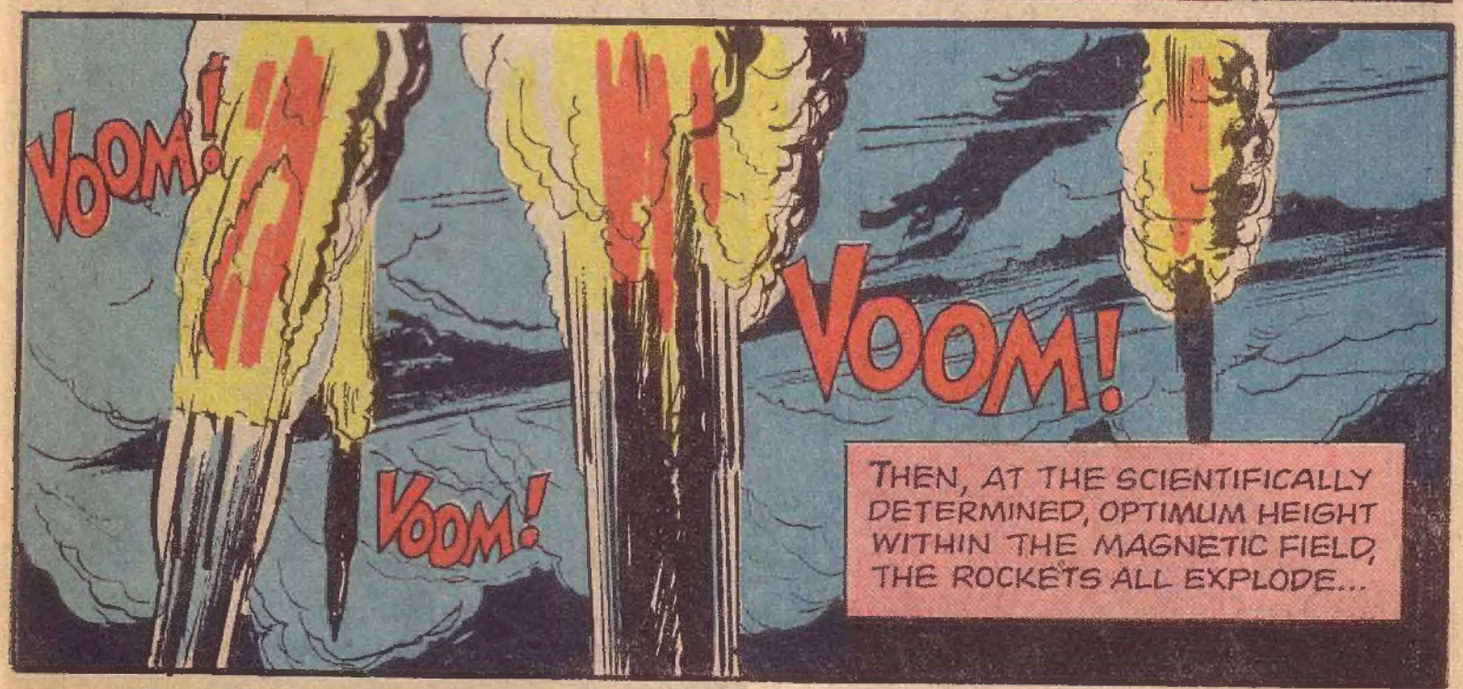
ONWARD THE GROWING MASS SPREADS! FUTILELY, SECRET SERVICE AGENTS FIRE, AS THE BLOB NEARS THE EVACUATED WHITE HOUSE...



AT CONTROL, AS REPORTS ARE FED INTO A FLASHING COMPUTER, ARTHUR GODDERD SCANS IT EAGERLY...

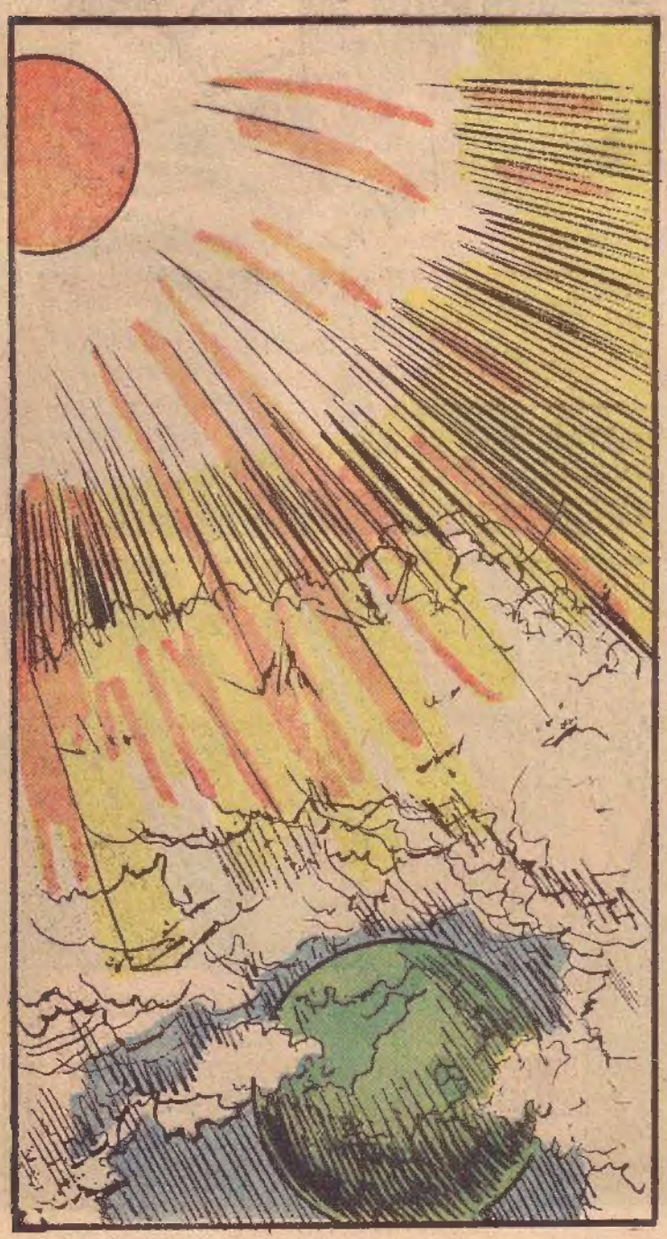



UP THROUGH THE CLOUDS, A HUGE ARMADA OF VARIED MISSILES AND ROCKETS ROARS...

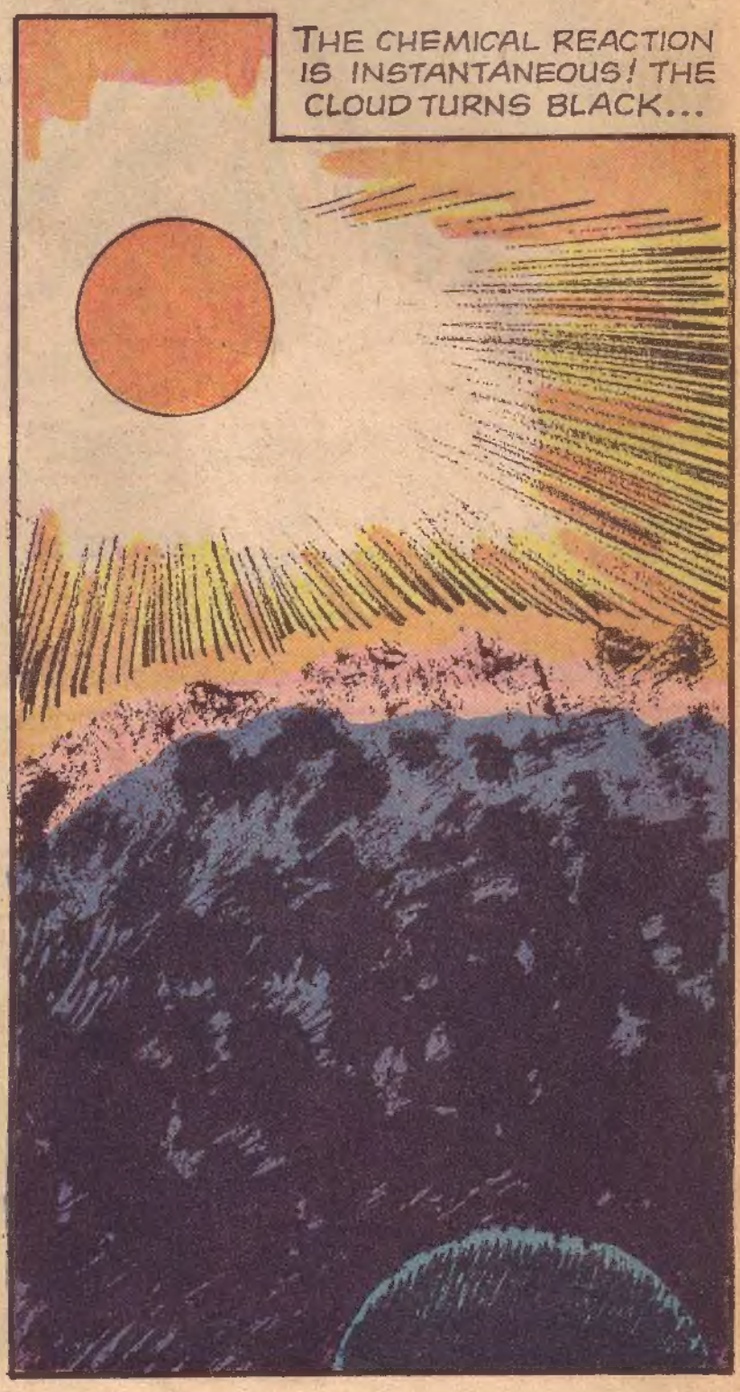

VOOM!
VOOM!
VOOM!
THEN, AT THE SCIENTIFICALLY DETERMINED, OPTIMUM HEIGHT WITHIN THE MAGNETIC FIELD, THE ROCKETS ALL EXPLODE...

FLUNG IN PRE-ARRANGED SECTORS, THE FILM OF IONIZED CHEMICAL IS SUSPENDED IN SPACE ABOVE THE EARTH... AND SPREADS...

ALL ABOUT THE EARTH, A THIN CLOUD OF INFINITELY TINY CHEMICAL PARTICLES HOVERS! AND AS THE SUNLIGHT STRIKES THE CLOUDS...



THE CHEMICAL REACTION IS INSTANTANEOUS! THE CLOUD TURNS BLACK...

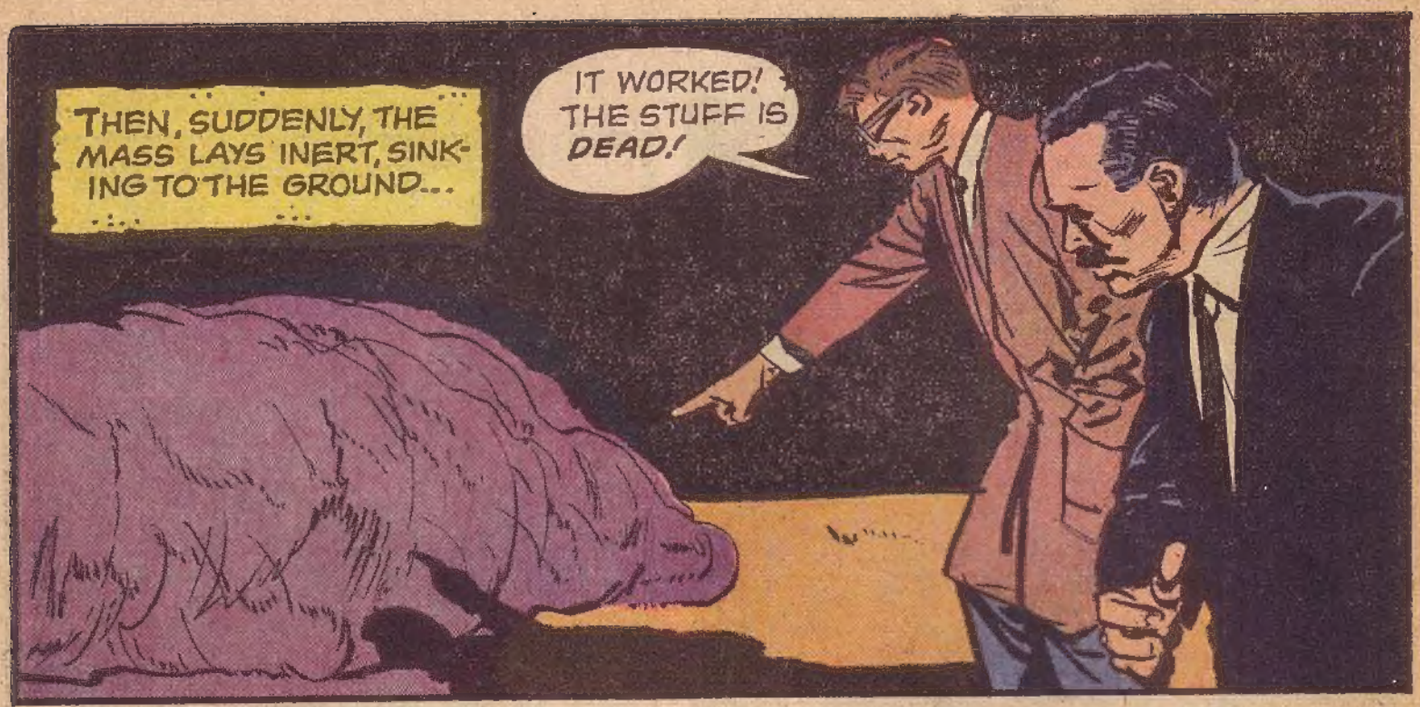


BELOW, PEOPLE HUDDLE IN FEAR AT THE FRIGHTENING, SUN-CONCEALING CLOUD ABOVE THEM...

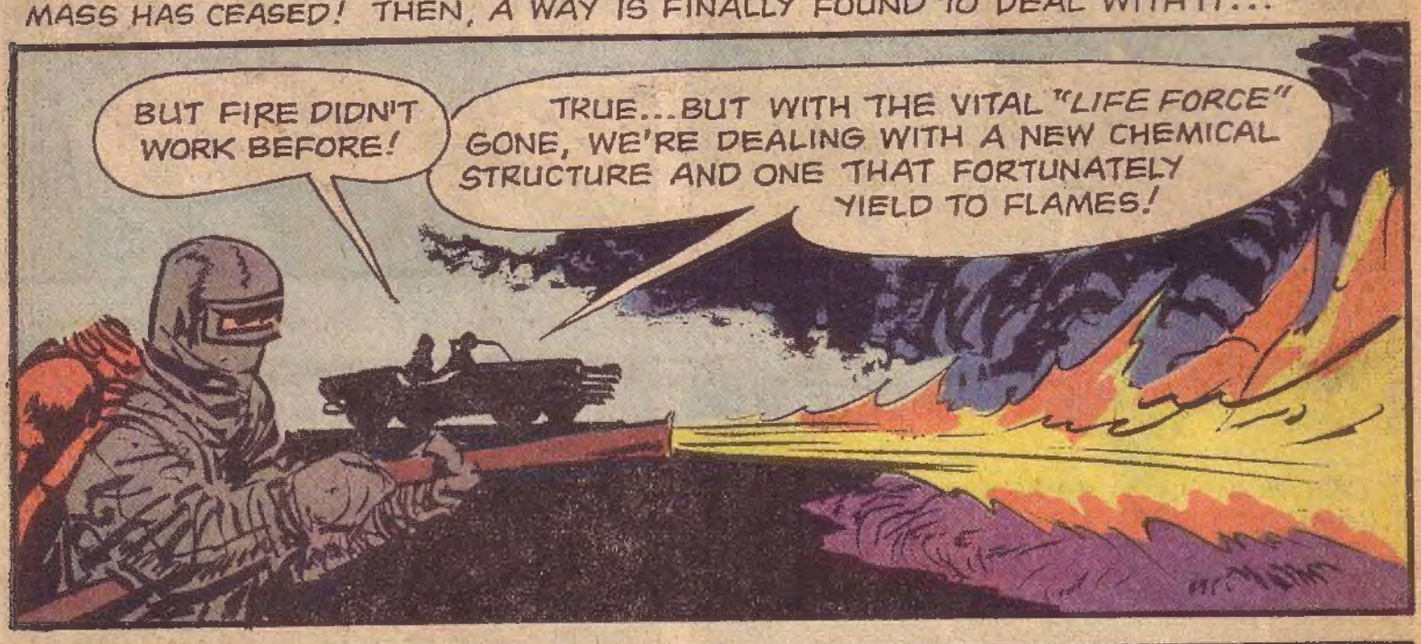
AS THE HOURS PASS, STILL NO CHANGE IS NOTED! THE ALIEN INVADER IS STILL SPREADING...

BUT TIME BRINGS MORE DESTRUCTION...

AS THE TWENTY-THIRD HOUR PASSES...



FROM AROUND THE WORLD SIMILIAR REPORTS FLASH IN! THE ADVANCE OF THE MASS HAS CEASED! THEN, A WAY IS FINALLY FOUND TO DEAL WITH IT...


BUT FIRE DIDN'T WORK BEFORE!
TRUE...BUT WITH THE VITAL "LIFE FORCE" GONE, WE'RE DEALING WITH A NEW CHEMICAL STRUCTURE AND ONE THAT FORTUNATELY YIELD TO FLAMES!

DRIVING HOME, THE TWO ELATED BUT EXHAUSTED SCIENTISTS PASS A MISSILE BASE...
FUNNY, SOME GOOD MAY HAVE COME FROM THE ALIEN ATTACK! THERE ISN'T A SINGLE WAR ROCKET OR MISSILE LEFT ON EARTH!
YOU'RE RIGHT! BUT THAT PUTS THE BALANCE OF POWER BACK IN THE HANDS OF COUNTRIES WITH BIG ARMIES--OR HAS MANKIND LEARNED THROUGH THIS HOW TO UNITE AND LIVE IN PEACE? PERHAPS NOW WE'LL FIND OUT!